

Crucible

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A found poem based on Elie Wiesel's

Look! Look at this fire!

We stared at the flames in the darkness,
flames everywhere, flames devouring.

Burning up, I was nothing but ashes now,
A small red flame.

Far from the crucible of death,
far from the center of hell,

I'd fall.

Half-burnt candles provided a flickering light.